THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1760.

Original Poetry.

THE POMEGRANATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

How shall I paint the crimson touch,
The pomegranate's dainty hue?
The pearly lustre that below
Its glistening rind?—I marvel much.

It hides itself within a nest
Of shining leaves of deep sea green;
So rare a fruit must needs be seen
Only by eyes that know it best.

The balmiest wind above it hovers
The sun with mother-kisses sweet
Wraps it in golden mantle, meet
To shrine the fairest dreams of lovers.

The earth grows rich to treasure it,
And softens at its ardent glance;
Fair elfin feet around it dance;
Its sweetness, ruby lips do measure it.

Blooms thick as stars about it stand,
To get full glances at its face;
It looks upon them with such grace,
And stories tells about the promised land;

How milk and honey with it, spread,
Regaled the royal Israelites;
And how it saw their regal rites,
And how, alas! those kings are dead!

A silver basket, rose-leaf lined,
With tempting slices luscious laid,
Like 'broidered pink and silver braid—
So looketh the pomegranate rind—

With yellow juices swimming bright
Around the full and gleamy seeds,
That, as on satin golden beads,
Shine with a round and liquid light.

This, given by a fairy hand,
And blue eyes raised with coaxing smile,
Might tempt one to forego awhile
All visions of sweet fatherland.

Original Novelet.

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A PEDESTRIAN.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE FLOWER.

A girl, a young, a light girl, a fawn-like child
Of green Savannahs and the leafy wild,
Springing unmarked till then as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed.
Felicia Hemans.

A lovelier evening I never enjoyed than that on which I walked briskly down the road which lay close along the bank of the beautiful river; running through rich meadows, divided by fences mantled with dense verdure of sumachs, wild-briars, and chance-planted coppice, and overshadowed by fine masses of hedge-row timber. The air was still fresh and cool from the effect of the recent rains, and the greenness of the fields and hedges, where they had not yet assumed the gay, yet melancholy coloring of autumn, was increased a hundred fold by the same cause. The very contrast, between the sweet, fragrant breath of the fields and woods, laden with the innocent perfume of flowers, and the pleasant odors which the earth sends up drenched by recent showers, and basking in the gentle sunshine, and the foul, reeking vapors of the village bar-room, heavy with the smell of stale tobacco smoke, the scent of liquors, and the pent-up effluvia of a large, mixed company, was in itself enough to render such a walk delicious, and to open the eyes of the most inveterate man of cities to the charms of nature and the fair, free country.

Still, though I was conscious of a sort of unconfessed pleasure as I strolled along, though the air came gratefully to my heated brow, the pleasant smell of the first flowers and dewy grass soothed my offended nostrils, and the ripple of the rapid stream, the murmur of the tree-tops, and the voices of the birds and insects fell musically on my ears, I was not in a mood to enjoy my ramble, or to be over well satisfied, either with myself or with anything about me.

In truth, I was vexed, anxious, and altogether ill at ease. I had scarce a doubt, that the man I had encountered so casually, so unfortunately, and to whom I had been almost unavoidably compelled to give the very information which I should most have desired to keep from him, was the dreaded and recreant husband of my late entertainer. The more I reflected, the more convinced I became of the fact, the rather that I could trace a strong resemblance

Selected Articles.

THE RICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

A book more suggestive or more amusing than this twelfth edition of "The Wealthy Citizens of the City of New York," we have seldom looked into. This is our republican heraldry, our "Burke's Peerage," our roll of honor. These are the men who have succeeded in doing that which most have attempted and all desired. Some nations reckon up their honors in the heads they have cut off in battle; others are content with scalps; others win glory by prayers and pilgrimages; ours is a simpler way.

The lowest order of nobility recognized in our peerage is that conferred by the possession of one hundred thousand dollars; and the more noticeable thing is the very small number of our fellow-citizens who have been found worthy of even that humble rank. Here are a million people nearly, most of whom are trying, or at least strongly desiring, to be rich, and the number who have succeeded in that object is but ten hundred and sixty! Of these, three hundred and fourteen are put down at one hundred thousand. Two hundred and five have attained the rank of one hundred and fifty thousand. One hundred and fifty-nine enjoy the distinction of two hundred thousand.—Seventy-nine have risen to the height of a quarter of a million. Seventy-five have reached the grade of three hundred thousand.—Eighteen have the rare felicity of three hundred and fifty thousand. Thirty-seven have won the commoner glories of four hundred thousand. Three individuals only have passed at four hundred and fifty thousand; while seventy-three have pressed forward to the grandeurs of half a million. Twenty-four have proceeded to six hundred thousand; five, to seven hundred thousand; twenty-five, to eight hundred thousand; and sixteen have attained the giddy height of one million. Five have gone on to a million and a-half; six, to two millions; one, to three millions; two, to four millions; one, to five millions; and one stands, solitary and alone, on the pinnacle of six millions.

Following the example of Burke, the author of the great work before us appends to the name and *title* of the more distinguished among our nobility, brief genealogical and biographical notices, from which we glean some impressive facts.

William B. Astor is our richest man; he inherited his wealth. Stephen Whitney, five millions, owes his fortune to speculations in cotton and the rise in real estate. W. H. Aspinwall, four millions, came of a rich family, and gained vast increase of wealth in the shipping business. Nicholas Longworth, four millions, a resident of Cincinnati, but a large owner of real estate here, began life as a shoemaker, and owes his immense fortune to the rise of real estate in Cincinnati. James Lennox, three millions, inherited his property. The late Peter Harmony, two millions, came to this city as a cabin-boy, and grew rich by commerce. The Lorillards, two millions, came from France poor, and made their huge fortune in the snuff and tobacco business. The late Anson G. Phelps, two millions, learned the trade of a tinner, and made a fortune in iron and copper. Alexander T. Stewart, two millions, now of the Dry Goods Palace, began business in a little fancy store. Of those who are put down at a million and a-half, George Law began life as a farm-laborer; Cornelius Vanderbilt, as a boatman; John Lafarge, as steward to Joseph Bonaparte. Of the millionaires, James Chesterman began life as a journeyman tailor; Peter Cooper, as a glue-maker; of the others, John D. Wolfe, Henry Brevoort, Margaret Goelet, John Haggerty, Gardiner Howland, W. E. Howland, John Nichie, Eleazer Parmly, John Rabbins, Lispenard Stewart, and Jonathan Thorne, our author has forborne to state whether they owe their fortune to fathers, to luck, or to talent. But of the ten hundred and sixty persons mentioned in the book, we compute that at least *eight hundred* began their career as clerks or manual laborers.

The pill and patent medicine dealers show to great advantage in this volume. Brandreth figures up at three hundred and fifty thousand. Sarsaparilla P. Townsend was an honest carpenter once; he is now worth three hundred thousand dollars. Moffat, he of the Phœnix Bitters, is put down at half a million. Pease, who once sold ginger beer, and afterward took to hoarhound candy, achieved the moderate fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand.

Strange to relate, there are some names in this work of interest to literary men. George Bancroft, Henry James, Professor Anthon, Thomas McElrath, and Dr. Francis are each stated to possess a hundred thousand dollars. Edwin Forrest is rated at a quarter of a million; so is Sidney E. Morse, of the New York Observer. William Niblo, it appears, has four hundred thousand dollars; and Dr. Mott, two hundred thousand. Barnum is put down at eight hundred thousand; Bennett at one hundred and fifty thousand. But perhaps the most remarkable statement of all is, that Mrs. Okill, of this city, has made a quarter of a million dollars by keeping school!—*Life Illustrated.*

COLTS AND CHILDREN.—We know a man who last summer hired four colts pastured on a farm some five miles distant. At least once in two weeks he got into a wagon, and drove over to see how his juvenile horses fared. He made minute inquiries of the keeper as to their health, their daily watering, &c. He himself examined the condition of the pasture; and when a dry season came on, he made special arrangements to have a daily allowance of meal, and he was careful to know that this was regularly supplied.

This man had four children attending a district school kept in a small building erected at the cross-roads. Around this building on three sides is a space of land six feet wide; the fourth side is on a line with the street. There is not an out-house or shade tree in sight of the building. Of the interior of the school-house we need not speak. The single room is like too many others, with all its apparatus arranged upon the most approved plan for producing curved spines, compressed lungs, ill health, &c.

We wish to state one fact only. The owner of those colts, the father of those children, has never been into that school-house to inquire after the comfort, health, or mental food daily dealt out to his offspring. The latter part of the summer we chanced to ask, "Who teaches your school?" and the reply was, "He did not know, he believed her name was Parker, but *he had no time to look after school matters.*"—*American Agriculturist.*

SMELLS.—There is a possibility of compounding smells infinitely more terrific than any which nature produces, and of employing them in warfare, either for purposes of defence or annoyance. Some substances are sufficiently atrocious in themselves. Swallow a small pellet of powdered sulphur, and it will diffuse a noisome atmosphere around the individual for many days. Take a quarter of a grain of a preparation of tellurium, and, though in itself inodorous, it will impart such a disgusting fetor to the breath and perspiration, that the dearest friend of the victim will be ready to indict him as a public nuisance. If a bubble of seleniuretted hydrogen gas be permitted to escape into a room, it will attack the company with symptoms of severe colds and bronchial affections, which last many days.

Miscellaneous.

STARVATION PRICES.

It is the fashion of the day to cry out against starvation prices. Every one who has a family to feed complains of the high cost of living, and the cry is echoed from pulpit to broadcloth, or vice versa, as the case may be. We shall have a famine if we do not stop it, is the opinion of the majority. But the question is, can anything be done to stop it? Can the laws of supply and demand be overcome by legislation? Can the people who have been living beyond their incomes do not come to terms, this state of things will continue, and perhaps for half a dozen months. The fertile plains of the continent, instead of being used for producing what will feed the population, will be the scenes of brave and bloodshed, and Death alone will reap a harvest therefrom. If, in addition, the crops in the fields of Central Britain should be cut short, (and it must be remembered they were very abundant last year,) we will be left to the valley of the Mississippi, mainly, to supply the immense common stomach. Under such circumstances, the drain upon us for foreign consumption is likely to be greater than it has ever been before. Our present enormous of breadstuffs must be very light, as the high prices of corn and flour plainly denote. Our corn crop last year was unusually large, and it was well established at harvest time, with oats and from prices carried.

Entering upon the year with exhausted granaries at home, with a poor crop following, and an unusually large foreign demand, the profession may be excited as to our circumstances a year hence. We have had a hard winter and enormously high prices throughout. But what is all we have seen to what we shall see, if we do not change our habits of life, and the way goes on in Europe. We may then see nothing and starvation in earnest.

It is in view of this not merely possible, but too probable state of things, that we invoke the attention of farmers everywhere, in the East as well as the West, to omit no effort or opportunity to swell, in large and in small quantities, the product of the soil the coming year. New England, especially, should look to herself. At a dollar a bushel for corn and ten days for potatoes those articles can be raised at very great profit all over the North. The low prices of many years have diminished the cultivation of the cereal grains throughout the northern section of country immensely, and New England has turned to rely on Illinois and Michigan, on North Carolina and Maryland, for the supplies of breadstuffs. The amount of corn and flour taken into Boston and other factories from the Southern and Western States, for consumption at home, is wonderful. Whole lines of packets go freighted weekly to the East with flour and meal from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, penned into those markets through the great arteries of trade from the West, to be distributed over the interior. At present prices, the drain upon the Eastern States is of these vast supplies is a serious hindrance to their prosperity. Millions of dollars have been squandered during the last few year over and above the sum that it would have cost even that generally thrifty and well-paid people to raise the same amount of similar food. This considerable surely should induce them to enter upon its cultivation the present year with industry and energy. The prospect of a reduction of present prices should be considered quite as bright by every man of sense and forethought to neglect any opportunity to raise a patch of wheat, corn, barley, or rye. Everywhere in the North all these grains will grow and flourish, excepting corn in the more northern part of Maine. Let every one make by his hand at one or the other as occasion may present, and every man who can spare or of arable soil at least raise as much bread as he and his family require. In this way starvation prices may be remedied and a great public famine be averted. But if things go on as in the old way nobody knows where we shall come out a year hence.—Tribune.

Clippings.

☞ John N. Speer, medium, publishes the following remarkable astronomical message to the race from the spirit of the distinguished Dr. Rush:—"In speaking of the mental body, it will be well to say things connected with it commencer as when (looking at an image) mentally memorized, (or more strictly speak-ing) the more important part—and that is the head. In the fresh body, just before the eye there is (what is generally called by the common people) the nose. And here, it will be observed, a two square inches of matter stands out beyond the other part of the body for a wise and most high purpose."

☞ In Winchester, Va., John Wysong has associated with him in his business his daughter Virginia, and hereafter the business will be conducted under the style and firm of J. Wysong and daughter.

☞ Thos America.—(Two boys, one two the other twelve, standing near a corner) gro-cery.)

John—"Say, Jim, do you twig my cigar?"

Jim—"Ugh, that's only a penny grab."

John—"I tell you I isn't. It cost a Sixpence, you tell by the long ashes in the end on't—penny grabs don't have ashes on the end."—Toledo Blade.

☞ Lighthouse Spoof.—Those who ask for compliments deserve to get a bite.

☞ The House of Representatives in Massachusetts have refused to repeal the usury law by a vote of more than 2 to 1.

☞ What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters the weakest and worst, as well as the wisest of all mankind? A hat.

☞ Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts-admits that he uses foreign pepper on his oysters. He believes, his friends insist that he is right, as the foreign pepper is K. N.

☞ It is painful to record, that of the women in the prime of life, i. e., between the ages of twenty and forty, forty-one per cent. in England, and forty-eight per cent. in Scotland, are spinsters; or that of 7,846,356 women in the marriageable period of life, (between forty and forty,) only 1,500 216 are married and 1,346,162 are living in a state of celibacy. The causes and the consequences of this state of things are alike to be deplored.

☞ Commander Ingraham, of the St. Louis, is on his way home in that vessel.

☞ It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by pulling, while the lawyer thinks that the doctor obtains his by pill-ing.

☞ The assistant-secretary of one of the English Insurance Offices says, that the information sent in to the office by persons who had insured *loss of ten thousand pounds!* One hundred and twenty-seven known fires thus arise from this single cause. In the early history of the twenty fire fires ascribed to the same cause were those of persons who, after having thrown down boxes of matches at night—which they frequently do, and which is almost certain to produce combustion—"a delightful nest" figures as a proximate, if not an immediate, source of setting on fire either a

☞ Lithographed discourses are offered for sale in England by the dozen, which are warranted to be "original, orthodox, and twenty minutes." These sermons are prepared with remarkable intelligence—and, if not even from the side gallery, they could not be distinguished from manuscript.

☞ Not long ago, the inhabitants of a parish in the Duchy of Baden (Engelsinn) resolved to emigrate in a body, women and children, to America; and to raise the means, they sold to the State a forest, which was the parish property.

☞ Lucifer matches are now sold by a printer, in Amsterdam, at 3 cents per gross.

And now a Yankee invention is under.

☞ A young man, knowing that a young lady, of whom he imagined himself enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose, as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper, on which was written—"If not accepted, I proceed to the war." In return, she forwarded a pickle jar, containing a single mango (mango go.)

☞ It is said that the title of the presiding officer of a lodge of Knights is "Most Most Great Ignoramus."

☞ Lightfoot Medallion used to say that it would take so many tenors to pray souls out of purgatory, as it would take snow balls to heat hell.

☞ *Bald-headed Husband.*—Just take a magnifying glass, dear, and see if there's not your young hairs a-sprouting. I've just finished the seventh bottle of the restorative, and more out there hair brushes rubbing it in."

Wife.—Goodness gracious, Nicodemus! There ain't no more hair on your head than there is on the corner of our soft copper tea-kettle.

☞ The man that can't laugh or won't laugh—the man that can't take a joke or won't take a joke—is one of nature's John himself.

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

ALL THE COLUMNS OF THIS PAPER ARE KEPT AS CAREFULLY FOR TO-DAY AS TO-MORROW. IT IS NOT A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of The Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if paid within the year. To the advance, one copy is sent three years. We receive also the following low terms: Clubs may be sent in the city to one address, and in the State to one Post Office.

4 Copies, - - - - $6,00 Per Annum
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - 10,00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - 15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - 20,00 "

Persons residing in British North America must remit twenty-five cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having got the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the Club. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to send all the subscriptions in each Club and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others soliciting for Clubs would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The paper to Clubs are invariably discontinued at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of any town in the State. What reason result to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letter must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that all of our old friends the Post-Masters, so do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer—because they will show our Prospectus to other industrial and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

THE COMING YEAR.

We hope that the hundreds of rangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our respective spheres, and with between 30,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but merely of the *printing of brief advertisements*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—to know the names of MARY SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY INGRAM, MRS. L. SPRAGUE, ALICE CARRY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, FANNY FERN, and A FEW CHRISTMONTHS, whose name (by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And GRACE GREENWOOD for no other, with the exception of her own editorially conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We are now publishing an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By a PENNSYLVANIAN.

In addition to the *Novelet* already given by Grace Greenwood, we are promised one of her short Novelets,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

and

THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

A NOVELET, inspired upon the subject of "SPIRITUALISM," by MRS. DENISON, Author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c., &c.

and

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelet, by MARY INGRAM.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's excellent contributor,

VIVIA:

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Ishmael," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition to these, we have others which we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGLISH AND, ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND LIGHT TALES, FICTIONS OF LIFE in Country and Town, and foreign Correspondence from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PROGRESS AND FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF THE DAY, FOR TORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will allow, of the Times in which we live, and to be a head of column.

PROFESSION VS. PRACTICE.

The Mayor has a list of the gambling houses in the city, with the location of each, the name of the buildings and the holders of mortgages upon them. *Many strangers, church-goers are to be found among the owners.*

The above is from a New York paper. The Mayor referred to is that which the list, and we hope he will. List—"these witness in sheep's clothing" to many of the pulpits, to many persons of religion—in popular nowadays; and if a man has determined to be a rascal, and has no other way of using to think to join church, or rise to purchase a high pew, he can just and stand very regularly. We sometimes think of that lottery-dealer in a southern city, who, a new comer, asked an old resident where he could get a ticket. What place, as he wanted to purchase a few?

The answer that followed was quite sage—and similar cases are all around us. For instance, a clerical gentleman, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer, recently had his house robbed by a pretty gamer in Clerical, near that city—a young man of excellent character. Now if a gambler thought he would be married to no less than eleven hundred dollars to the young—none of whom he borrowed money from, to make the necessary arrangements for honeymooning. He obtained of course a good deal of $5 dollars.

This young man found out by a couple of his bedeviled meeting at a fashionable dry goods' establishment, where they were making purchases for the approaching nuptials. Mutual confessions caused mutual surprises. The fraud was detected, and the parties—learning that the game was played out—incontinently fled. Those who have understood that there was a Mayor's list of marriageable ladies, and that they will have to correct this opinion. For it appears that a plausible fellow not only could find eleven to marry him—but that a number of them were willing to pay a bonus for a husband. Perhaps though, the bonus was given because he was a minister.

For the gay—very many professors of religion, but not very many practicers. The church could well afford to exchange some thousands of the former for a few score of the latter—even if they could not afford to pay such heavy prices for their pews.

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.—The indications are unfavorable, so far as peace is concerned. The instance of the war is yet so even, that Russia need probably will not recede from her original position.

OUR RELATIONS WITH SPAIN.

The following is from the New York Evening Post, and purports to be derived from an officer of the United States:

"While the difficulties with Spain were most pressing, the Spanish Minister at Washington, Mr. Tassara, was transferred to the Russian mission, and left for his post. He was a warm friend of the United States, and was very much liked by the Administration. He was succeeded by Mr. Calderon Collantes, who was also very much liked by the Administration, and who was supposed to be a friend of the United States. He was also transferred to Russia, and left for his post. He was succeeded by Mr. Rico

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PEACE CONFERENCE AT VIENNA—AFFAIRS IN THE CRIMEA UNCHANGED.

The America brings Liverpool dates to the 31st ult.

The steamer Baltic brought intelligence that the first of the four bases of peace was unconditionally accepted by Russia, and that the second was proceeding favorably. Since then, the second has likewise been accepted, but difficulties of a serious nature have occurred on the third.

The Western Powers did not propose the demolition of Sebastopol, but modified their demands into a reduction of Russian power in the Black Sea—in recompense for which, they offer to evacuate the Russian territory. The Russian Plenipotentiaries reply that they are not authorized to accede to any such terms, and must remit the matter to St. Petersburg. Here the Conference stands still.

All the Plenipotentiaries have sent to their Governments for instructions, and the Conference will probably be adjourned until final authority shall arrive. Meantime, the fourth point is under discussion.

Prince Gortschakoff, on the 26th, moved for the admission of Prussia.

SEBASTOPOL.—The special correspondence of the London Times describes the condition of the army as much improved. Weather fine, health and spirits of the troops better, provisions abundant, and sanitary regulations strictly enforced; but the actual works of the siege make no progress to justify favorable prophecies. Actual increase of the lines and batteries there is, but it exists on both sides, and there has been no comparative advantage gained by the Allies.

A formidable Russian force is assembled ...

... by the insurgents. The country around Canton is in the hands of the insurgents, who officially notify an intention to maintain a strict blockade. There are rumors of a second repulse of the French.

THE LATEST.—LONDON, Friday Evening.—M. Drouyn de l'Huys left London to-night. He stays at Paris two days, and then goes to Vienna. Count Walewski, the French Ambassador, and M. de l'Huys, held a conference to-day with Lords Palmerston, Lansdowne and Clarendon, which lasted three hours, and is understood to have been of the highest importance.

MM. Walewski and De l'Huys subsequently proceeded to Buckingham Palace, and had a lengthened audience of the Queen.

It is not true that the Congress of Vienna have proceeded to the fourth point. Everything hinges on the third point, and the French Minister will bear to Vienna the irrevocable determination of the Allies thereupon.

There are no favorable indication from St. Petersburg.

Letters from Alexandria to the 23d of March, state that 1,000 English lancers had arrived at Suez, from India.

The Bagdad News of the 19th of February states that the rebel Kurds, 20,000 strong, continue an energetic resistance in the north of Mesopotamia.

BELGIUM.—A new Ministry has been formed.

AMSTERDAM, March 28.—At Copenhagen and Elsinore there is still much drift ice.

SPAIN.—A despatch from Madrid of 29th March announces that Espartero had resisted the demand for a democratic modification of the Ministry, made by different leaders of the militia, who assembled in the night. These attempts at disorder failed, and Madrid is tranquil.

CHINA.—From Hong Kong we have dates to the 15th of February, covering reports that the insurgents besieging Canton had taken the Tiger Fort and plundered the surrounding villages.

[illegible]

THE PENN. LIQUOR BILL.

The following is the new law, which has passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and been signed by Governor Pollock. It is entitled "*An Act to Restrain the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors.*"

Section 1. Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the first day of October next, it shall be unlawful to keep or maintain any house, room or place where vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquors, or any admixture thereof are sold and drank except as hereinafter provided; and all laws or parts of laws inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Section 2. That if any person or persons within this Commonwealth shall keep for sale, and sell, or in connexion with any other business or profitable employment give, receiving therefor any price, profit or advantage, by any measure whatever, and at the same time voluntarily afford a place, or any other convenience or inducement by which the same may be used as a beverage, any vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquor, or any admixture thereof, he, she or they, and any one aiding, abetting or assisting therein, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, and undergo an imprisonment not exceeding one month, and for a second or any subsequent offence shall pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, and undergo imprisonment not exceeding three months.

Section 3. That if any two or more persons conspire, or act together, by which one may sell, and the other provide a place or other convenience for drinking, with intent to evade the provisions of this act, each one so offending, upon conviction, shall be punished as provided in the second section of this Act.

Section 4. That it shall be unlawful for any person to sell or keep for sale any vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquors, or any admixtures thereof, in cases not hereinafter prohibited, in a less quantity than one quart, nor without license granted by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the proper county, on petition presented for that purpose, to be advertised according to the first section of the Act of the twenty-ninth of March, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, supplementary to the various Acts relating to tavern licenses; but no such license shall be granted to other than citizens of the United States, of temperate habits and good repute for honesty: *Provided*, That no certificate shall be required or published as mentioned in the Act herein referred to: *Provided*, That no license for the sale of ...

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE FREE STATES.—In the last House of Representatives the members from the Free States stood 91 Administration to 58 Opposition. In the next House they will stand 21 Administration to 122 Opposition. Every free state, except California, is now arrayed against the Administration, and generally by heavy majorities.

THE SLAVE STATES.—Of the Slave States, only five have elected their members, Delaware, Florida, South Carolina, Arkansas and Missouri. In these the Administration loses three more members, in Delaware one, and in Missouri two—the whole number now standing 10 Administration to 7 Opposition. In the remaining slave states, which have yet to choose their members, the representation stood in the last Congress as follows:—

	Opposition.	Administration.
Alabama	[illegible]	[illegible]
Georgia	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kentucky	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tennessee	[illegible]	[illegible]
Louisiana	[illegible]	[illegible]
Maryland	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mississippi	[illegible]	[illegible]
North Carolina	[illegible]	[illegible]
Texas	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virginia	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]

If there should be no changes in the above states, the majority in the next Congress against the Administration would be 65.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Senate of Massachusetts, recently adopted a resolve, with only one dissenting vote, that no foreigner shall be eligible to office. It has called back the liquor bill from the Secretary of State's office, in consequence of amendments having been made to it by the Chairman of the Committee, unknown to the Senate.

In the House, on the 16th, the address in favor of the removal of Judge Loring was carried by a vote of yeas 207, nays 111. It now goes to the Senate.

VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Examiner (Democratic) says that large numbers of citizens of foreign birth voted the Know Nothing ticket at the recent election.

OHIO.—As the officers of the two wards where the ballot boxes were destroyed, have made, under oath, full returns of the election held there, and these elect all the Democratic city candidates, the clerk has given the certificates to the latter, and the Mayor has already been qualified. To the City Council it is ascertained that 17 Democrats and 17 opposition members are returned. Matters are now quiet, and the excitement is disappearing. ...

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Prometheus brings San Francisco news to March 24th.

Business in San Francisco was very dull, and sales were being made at greatly reduced prices.

The rains had greatly improved the prospects of the miners, and the growing crops promised well.

The banking house of Wells, Fargo & Co., had resumed, and Page, Bacon & Co., would resume on the 29th.

The failures of Adams & Co., and Mr. Wright, were very bad ones. The personal effects of Mr. J. C. Woods, connected with Adams & Co., were advertised for sale.

Mr. Robinson, of the house of Robinson & Co., had been indicted for fraud.

The Northern Light arrived in New York on the 15th, with $170,000 in specie.

There has been but little improvement in financial affairs. The miners are doing well, but the gold coming forward is small, owing to the want of rain to pay for it.

The Kern river mines have disappointed the expectations of those who were induced to go there, and the miners are returning disgusted.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The Ripley (Ind.) Circuit Court, last week, sentenced Mr. Muir to the Penitentiary for two years, for forging a note for twenty-five dollars. Mr. Muir is probably the richest man in Ripley county, Ind. It is supposed his property is worth near $100,000.

[illegible]

CONSUMPTION, COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c.—[illegible] Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by his agents in most cities, towns, and country stores in the Union.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 14.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Twentycents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

CIRCULATION BETWEEN EIGHTY AND NINETY THOUSAND.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE SONS OF NEW ENGLAND

[illegible]

MEMORIES OF HOME,

will find an unfailing pleasure in the charming Sketches of New England Life and Character, to be found in

THE MAY-FLOWER

BY

MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

[illegible]

STEEL PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

13 Winter Street, Boston.

4,765 TEACHERS have given their recommendation in favor of

TOWER'S ELEMENTS OF GRAMMAR,

[illegible]

DANIEL BURGESS & Co.,

No. 60 John Street, New York.

"IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO LIKE FISH."

[illegible]

TWO NEW AND GOOD BOOKS

SUSAN.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD;

[illegible]

FIRST PREMIUM

SEWING MACHINES!

GROVER, BAKER & CO.'S

PATENT.

OFFICES

SOUTH 4th ST., NEAR CHESNUT, PHILADA

[illegible]

JAMES H. PERKINS

A CHANCE FOR SPECULATION.

[illegible]

PUBLIC NOTICE!

HEGEMAN, CLARK & CO.'S

GENUINE COD LIVER OIL,

[illegible]

CHARLES H. GALLAGHER,

[illegible]

S. M. HOPPER.

GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

[illegible]

LA PIERRE HOUSE,

BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

[illegible]

PRESBURY & BILLINGS,

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

A. WINCH,

[illegible]

CONRAD BARD & SON,

[illegible]

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS!

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

[illegible]

S. W. JACOBS'

CARRIAGE WAREHOUSE,

225 ARCH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

COACHES AND CARRIAGES

LET THIS BE YOUR GUIDE!

LIST OF PRICES

OF

$200,000

WORTH OF

SPLENDID ENGLISH CARPETS

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S,

No. 99 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS, VIZ:

[illegible]

ATTENTION,

PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC MEN.

THE ARTS OF TANNING, CURRYING AND LEATHER-DRESSING, [illegible]

THE PRACTICAL MODEL CALCULATOR, [illegible]

THE PRACTICAL METAL WORKER'S ASSISTANT, [illegible]

A MANUAL OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY, [illegible]

CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO DYEING, [illegible]

ANALYTICAL CHEMIST'S ASSISTANT, [illegible]

DYER'S INSTRUCTOR—[illegible]

HENRY C. BAIRD,

Publisher and Bookseller, No. 7 Hart's Buildings,

Sixth above Chesnut Street.

NEW BOOK BY MRS. HENTZ.

JUST PUBLISHED, [illegible]

ROBERT GRAHAM:

[illegible]

OIL CLOTHS!

[illegible]

ACTON & TILLOTSON,

[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S

German Bitters,

[illegible]

TRUSS AND BRACE

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Suggested by the Remark of a Stranger during a Recent Storm.

Oh! list, dear friend, my lonesome lyrics,
The poetry of those dusky hours,
And for my sake, and for auld lang syne,
Don't criticise a note of my song,
Which I send it to you in my childhood's home.

My childhood's home! how like a fairy
The name and memory of it seem
While on my heart—as in a vise!
The burning light of every sting
It casts through its rapid flashes of love,
Until that picture is seared indelibly.

And a sweet breath of freshness air
Comes floating over it as once
The same this stirred my sunny hair,
And blew the down from my cheek,
Long, long ago, when I had years
To gather what now I rarely know.

Again, with many a joyous bound,
My step bounds quickly past,
Where golden flowers were found,
Half hidden 'mid the rustling grass,
And voices from the village near
Sound crashy lasting up to me.

Those olden notes I yearned to hear,
The low bo-breezy music sing,
They are my guiding star to-day
That home lost gentleness might sing;
My heart now all too full of love
To think of ill or shrink from harm.

And now along the good old hall
Is sounded half my baptism name,
For I have loved my mother's call,
And, dearing friend, the spot dear,
Her morning time I hastily rose,
And flung my garments on her bed.

Then, with a light and cheerful mood,
I shed behind my father's door,
To sing a pastoral air he loved,
And when he said the dewy hour,
His every care, with dewy glow,
Seem blushing 'mid a cloth of morn.

And now since most I seem to shed
Where long, dark shadows round me sweep,
My spirit bound in my heart,
For the full sunlight shone not sweep,
With all its glitterings, upon my heart,
Those evening hours of evergreen.

I loved the gay, glad hour of earth,
The sunshine, birds, and streams and flowers,
Yet wasted I look not on them now,
And through those days, augmented heaven,
Some sweet and tender memory,
I owe them I learned to look on Heaven.

And oft I've opened a tempted list,
Of scenes sage and vision by night,
That fairies might assemble there,
To revel in the fair moonlight,
I loved to dream of mysterious,
Beneath those dark, mysterious trees.

Then homestead is a ruins last!
Its former presence now on me!
Yet still the days and scenes seem
Like a dream to me,
Then when sweetest still deepest,
Her sinless image my heart.

And now, when fewer wildly leave
Within that sad and aching breast,
My spirit through the past receive
Beneath the parental grave to rest;
There I have a memorial to me,
Where I've learned to look on Heaven.

The author of a very neat little poem,
A star, a C-star, a gem of song,
The right of self to appropriate
Of make me seem a child again;
Though I wander over many a land,
Bright memories of my childhood's home.

—Boston, in Louisville Journal.

Pictures of Life.

PETER FRANCISCO.

THE SAMSON OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

As late as the year 1836, there lived in Wood, ern Virginia, a man whose strength was so remarkable, as to win him the title of the Western Samson. He knew nothing of his birth or parentage, but supposed he was born in Portugal, from whence he was stolen when a child, and carried to America. His earliest recollections were those of boyhood in the latter country. While yet a lad, he ran away and hired himself to a sea captain, for seven years, in part pay for a passage to the country. On his arrival, his time and services were sold to a Mr. Winston, of Virginia, in whose service he remained until the breaking out of the Revolution. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he sought and obtained permission of his master to join the army, and was assigned to active service during the whole conflict. Such was his strength and personal bravery, that he was rarely resist him. He wielded a sword, the like of which few men were ever taught, or though it had been a feather, and every one who came in contact with him paid the forfeit of his life. At Bissop Point, he was one of the "forlorn hope" which was advanced to cut away the abatis, and was the first man who was the first man to enter the works. At Brandywine and Monmouth, he exhibited the most fearless bravery, and nothing but his inability to write, prevented his promotion to a commission. Appointed to the bearer, he took part in most of the engagements in that section, and towards the close of the war he was engaged in a contest which exhibited a degree of human nature, self-confidence and courage.

One day, while reconnoitering, he stopped at the house of a man by the name of W——, to refresh himself. Whilst at the table he was surprised by nine British troopers, who rode up to the house and told him he was their prisoner. Seeing that he was so greatly outnumbered, he pretended to surrender, and the dragoons seeing he was apparently very peacefully inclined, after disarming him, allowed him considerable freedom, while they sat down to partake of the food which he had left them disturbed. Wandering out into the dooryard he was accosted by the Paymaster, who demanded of him everything of value about him, at the risk of his life, in case of refusal.

"I have nothing to give," said Francisco, "so use your pleasure."

"Give up those massive silver buckles in your shoes," said the dragoon.

"They were the gift of a friend," replied Francisco, and desire them to you I never shall; take them if you will, you have the power, but I never will give them up of my own accord."

Putting his soles under his arm, the soldier stooped down to take them. Francisco seeing the opportunity, which was too good to be lost, seized the sword, and drawing it with force from under the arm of the soldier, dealt him a severe blow across the skull. Although severely wounded, yet being a man of nerve, the dragoon drew a pistol and aimed it at his assailant, who was too quick for him, however, and as he pulled the trigger, a ball from the sword nearly severed his wrist, and placed him here di ombat. The report of the pistol drew the other dragoons into the yard, as well as W——, who very augmentous brought with him a musket, which he caught from one of the soldiers, and told him to make use of it. Mounting the only horse their could get at, he presented the muzzle at the breast of Francisco, and ordered him to give himself up as a prisoner, and Francisco closed in upon him. A short struggle ensued, which ended in his disarming and wounding the soldier. Francisco's strong and handling men were now in sight, and the other dragoons were about to attack him. Seeing his case was desperate, he turned toward an adjoining thicket, and as if cheering on a party of men to the attack—"Come on, my brave boys, now's your time; we will soon dispatch these few, and then attack the main body!" at the same time rushing at the dragoons with the fury of an enraged tiger.

They did not wait to engage him, but fled precipitately to the troop, panic-struck and dismayed, leaving upon the battle-ground their, W——. Francisco was about to despatch him, but he begged and plead so hard for his life, that he forbore to do so, and took from the wounded horse which the soldiers had left behind them. Presuming that Tarleton would send a force after the dragoons in search of him, he made off into the adjoining wood, and while they stopped at the house, he, like an old fox, doubled upon their rear, and successfully escaped. Francisco was, to this day he went to W—— for his horse, who demanded two of them for his services and generous treatment. The one he obstinately forgotten, and surrounded by enemies, where he should have found friends. Only three men compelled to make the best of it, and left with six horses, intending to revenge himself upon W—— at a future time; but he he self.

Providence ordained that I should not be his executioner, for he met his death by a fall from one of the very horses."

Many other anecdotes are told of Francisco, illustrative of his immense strength and personal prowess. At Camden, where Gates was defeated, he retreated, and slept among along a road some distance, he sat down to rest himself. He was suddenly accosted by a British dragoon, who presented a pistol and demanded his immediate surrender. His gun being empty, he feigned submission, and said he would surrender, at the same time remarking that his gun was of no further use to him, he intended to discharge it the longer, who is reaching for it threw himself of his guard, when Francisco, quick as thought, ran him through with the bayonet, and as he fell from his horse, he mounted him, and continued his retreat. Overtaking his commanding officer, Colonel Mayo, of Powhatan, he gave him up his sword, for which act of gallantry the Colonel afterwards presented him with a thousand acres of land in Kentucky.

The following anecdote exemplifying his powerful nature and his strength, is also told of Francisco, of the truth of which we cannot say, but we tell it as it was told to us, many years ago, while he was still living in Buckingham county, Virginia.

One day while working in his garden, he was accosted by a stranger, who rode up to the fence and inquired of him if he knew " where a man by the name of Francisco lived?"

Raising himself from his work, and eyeing his interrogator, who appeared to be one of the "half-horse-half-alligator"breed of Kentuckians, he replied,

"Well, stranger, I don't know of any other person by that name in these parts but myself."

"Well, I reckon you ain't the man that I want. I want to find the great fighting man I've heard tell so much about. The fellow they say can whip all creation and Kaintuck to boot."

"I can't tell you, stranger, where you'll find that man, I don't know such a man," said Francisco, resuming his work, as a hint to the other that the conference was ended. But the Kentuckian was not to be blinded off, as he would have it.

"Look 'ere, stranger," said he, returning to the charge, "what might your given name be?"

"My name is Peter Francisco, at your service."

"Ah!" returned the other, "you're just the man I want to find," at the same time throwing inside the fence, he dismounted, and tied his animal—a rough, ugly-looking Indian pony—to one of the posts. "My name is Big Bill Stokes, all the way from Old Kentuck. I am the best fighting man in all Kentucky, I can whip any man, out-hop, out-jump, knock down, drag out, and whip any man in all them diggings. So, as I have toll of a fellow down-hearted men who could whip all creation, I thought I'd ride over to Buckingham, and just ride over to see what stuff he's made of and here I am. And now, stranger, I'm most starved for a fight, and I'm bound to see who's the best man, before I go home. It's all in my trap, you know, and if you lick me, why I'm satisfied, but——"

"Stop a minute, stranger," said Francisco, "you're too fast; you've got the wrong pig by the ear, if you want to fight, I'm not the man, for I'm fighting man at all, and if I was, I'm nothing against that size and stature."

"Well, I don't know as there any other Peter Francisco in these parts?"

"No, not that I know of——"

"Well, then, you're the man, and you must fight. I've done all the work I'm going to do to-day, and I ain't a-going back without knowing which is the best man."

"But I won't fight. I've got nothing to fight about, and I tell you I won't fight."

"Darn'd if you shan't fight me, mister,—I'm bound to lick you if I can—if I don't, you must lick me."

By this time Francisco had become angry at the importunity of his visitor, and determined to put an end to the scene, by hoisting his antagonist, therefore, by the seat of his buckskin breeches, and using the collar of his hunting shirt, he threw him over the fence into the road; then walking leisurely to where his pony was tied, he unfastened him, and taking hold by main strength, threw him after his discomfited rider.

The Kentuckian raised himself from the ground, perfectly demoralized by such an exhibition of strength, and other raising his eyes as though he might not have been exactly, he seemed by his country, remarking,

"Well, stranger, I reckon you'll do. I reckon I'll about time have to make tracks, for anybody who can shoot that great figur, you can tell 'em you licked Bill Stokes most considerable."

Francisco was a powerfully built man, standing six feet in his stockings, and weighing 260 pounds. His muscular system was extraordinarily developed, and he had been known to shoulder, with ease, a cannon weighing eleven hundred pounds; and a gentleman of undoubted veracity, still living, and residing who knew him well, says, "he could take out in his right hand and pass over the room with a pitching, my head and shoulders, as though I had been a doll baby. My weight was 180 pounds." He was a man of great size and fair proportions, he would take in his right hand, and holding her out at arm's length, would proceed to whirl her round, and carry her up and down stairs in that position. He would take a barrel of cider by the chimne, and holding it to his mouth, would drink from the bung, a long and hearty draught without any apparent effort.

Yet, with all his strength, he was a very peaceable man, and never used it except on case of his power, except in case of necessity about his usual vocations, or in defence of the right. He was remarkably kind to his family, and to his wife he was a most affectionate husband. He was better at rushing in and preserving the public peace, than all the sheriffs and constables of the ground. Although uneducated, he was a man of strong natural sense, and of a high sense of honor and integrity. He was, withal, a companionable man, and his anecdotes and stories were legion. He was a strong supporter of the Union, and when the country was in danger, he turned without hesitancy from the peaceful pursuits of civil life, and shouldered his musket and commenced an examination from Mr. Madison.

"He answered that, fearing the climate of Africa would prove fatal to him, he had sufficiently estimated to be four and a half billions of dollars, and that he would prefer a freedom to disenchantment. Whether successful or unsuccessful, the world would deem him a man of sense of coldness and disappointment seems to prevail over every other sentiment. They have attained a new era of their existence, and have fallen so far short of their ideal—have found so many obstacles and difficulties, so many dangers and difficulties of nations, and of the errors and meanness of public men. Not many illegitimate governments are so, and, according to Sir Robert Peel, or not in such horrible struggling and misery; [illegible] family, and death, he confessed that what he had seen and heard in public life, had not upon his mind a permanent impression of gloom and grief. Who ever succeeded so splendidly as Wash. ington? What revolution has ever been so successful and so free from the confidence and gratitude of his country? " he says Grimd, "to the latest moments of his life, in the tranquil dignified retirement of Mount Vernon, something of inquietude and sadness hung about the mind of a man so seriously great—a feeling, indeed, most natural at the termination of a long life spent in men's concerns." Parnell is a very good burden, and manifest a hard inhabitant to him who struggled illustrious against their passions and errors. Success itself cannot wipe out the sorrowful impressions which originate in the conduct; and the conclusion concluded on the scene of action is contingent even in the human.

City Scenes.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MARCH WIND.

Our gentleman is fiercely reminded of the days of his youth, as he cannot recollect having been actually stopped by the wind since he was quite a child.

Selected Articles.

THE TRUE STORY OF "L. E. L." (MISS LANDON.)

[In the recently published "Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington," Dr. Madden gives the following letter, containing a full account, by Lady Blessington, of L. E. L.'s position, "as she had it from the one only person to whom the unhappy Mrs. Maclean confided the misery endured in her African bondage."]

Gore House, January 29, 1839.

"Mr Dear Madam:—Your letter has left me no excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence had subsided, other dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury threw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

"Poor dear L. E. L. lost her father—who was a captain in the army—while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent—a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, but their children left by Captain London; and, deeming it necessary to remove them from their father, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school; and the boy at another. At an unusually early age, she manifested the genius for which she afterward became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild anything but happy. Her first [illegible] and effusions were published many years ago, and the success of the first they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

"Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. Maclean, whose character with her talents, encouraged their assertion by, asserting that they were genius, with all the evils that genius may be entitled. This notice drew the attention of publishers on her, and, alas! drew her into the fatal error of writing for money, which ceased not to persecute her through her whole life. Mr. Maclean was then in her father's native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on this lone and injured creature.

"Mr. Maclean, who had been long attached to her, offered her his hand, and the father of a large family. Many of whom were older than L. E. L., who said to have been her lover; and it was published that she had, by her conduct, improperly connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny, refrained not from repeating it, and it became a general topic of conversation in her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her friend; and the highly gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to the world. She then was advantageously spoken of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was it known that Mr. Maclean's proposals were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honor. None who knew her, wholly disbelieving these charges, but thinking it due to her to refute them, they were communicated to her, with all the moral source whence they came; not a single charge against her, even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were fastened on her innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honor, and thus unjustly heap her character. And, from year to year, dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride lead her to conceal what she suffered; and those who best knew her were aware that, for many months, she was under the influence of a fever from the excitation, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from suffering. Her effort to form a [illegible] she was far from feeling, increased her sufferings to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings was, to pay to annuity for her grandmother—that grandmother whose secrecy of neglect, and wearing reigned had embittered her home. Her mother, who had been left in Scotland, was never elderly ladies, who kept a school; and here, again, calumny assailed her. Dr. M., a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour; and, though he had left the house and never returned to his wife, ought to have punished the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of calumny. Poor L. E. L. was again attacked, in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. She was compelled to remove from that house, and then four years ago, when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal, affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive soul of the poet, almost to madness by their hypocritical [illegible] Mr. Maclean, who had become acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrung to the heart by the slanders heaped upon her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to go to Africa for a year, before the day for the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and then—poor, ill-fated woman!—all her friends, and me among the number, urged acceptance of it, and of her destination of upon leaving England with him. Mr. Maclean had been married to Scotland, and remained there many months without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. She had begged me to write to him, and I had done so. Mr. Maclean then wrote to me, that he married, &c., &c., all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports, and would gladly be relieved of the charge. He married, and reduced her to the brink of the grave when her second child was born. Demanded an examination from Mr. Maclean.

"He answered that, fearing the climate of Africa would prove fatal to him, he had sufficiently estimated to be four and a half billions of dollars, and that he would prefer a freedom to disenchantment. Whether successful or unsuccessful, the world deem him a man of sense of coldness and disappointment seems to prevail over every other sentiment. They have attained a new era of their existence, and have fallen so far short of their ideal—have found so many obstacles and difficulties, so many dangers and difficulties of nations, and of the errors and meanness of public men. Not many illegitimate governments are so, and, according to Sir Robert Peel, or not in such horrible struggling and misery; [illegible] family, and death, he confessed that what he had seen and heard in public life, had not upon his mind a permanent impression of gloom and grief. Who ever succeeded so splendidly as Washington? What revolution has ever been so successful and so free from the confidence and gratitude of his country? " he says Grimd, "to the latest moments of his life, in the tranquil dignified retirement of Mount Vernon, something of inquietude and sadness hung about the mind of a man so seriously great—a feeling, indeed, most natural at the termination of a long life spent in men's concerns." Parnell is a very good burden, and manifest a hard inhabitant to him who struggled illustrious against their passions and errors. Success itself cannot wipe out the sorrowful impressions which originate in the conduct; and the conclusion concluded on the scene of action is contingent even in the human.

I have now told you all that the inquiry of the able editor of the Medina Sentinel the utmost indifference in regard her. This indifference continued at Cape Coast Castle, and when I went, [illegible] Mr. Maclean, and kept me longer at her quarters than I intended, and kept me from [illegible] Mr. Maclean, who was on the other side of the river, to be ferried over. Her parents became so agitated, that the family of his father made